THE DEMOCRAT.

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LET'S MAKE BELIEVE.

Let's make believe. Our life has too much sameness,
It's too prosaic, dull and commonplace.
Day after day the round of dreamy tameness,
A treadmill trodden at a plodding pace.
What seems most real at most is only seeming—
Why for apparent worries should we grieve?
Throw them aside and wisely go to dreaming,
Let's make believe.

Let's make believe. There is a land quite near us,
A realm enchanted, filled with pleasant things,
Where light and beauty ever are to cheer us,
An instant's flight on fancy's jeweled wings.
Right strange it is that we should here be staying,
That to base things we foolishly should cleave,
When the sweet childhood's game we can be playing—
Let's make believe.

Let's make believe there is no care or sorrow,
That poverty and sickness are no more,
That each bright day will bring a brighter morrow,
That for us greater blessings are in store.
Let's make believe that all for good is making,
That those we love our trust will not deceive—
Yet though there come a time of bitter waking
Let's make believe.
—Chicago Daily News.

A Coward's Courage.

"DON'T you hear it, Mark—that light step, step, behind us? Talk of the quiet of the woods, there is no such thing."

Florence Lindsay peered over her shoulder searching the brush-shaded hillside for the disturbing feet.

Mark Lindsay sprang from his couch of brown leaf-mound, saying: "No Mme. Fine Ear, I hear nothing, but will gladly search for the depredator."

"You'll not find him that way," said Florence. "We are the intruders disturbing the woodland housekeeping. Sit down again Mark, I want to tell you something."

"Ha! There he is! Look at him, Flo—entirely substantial and harmless, my superstitious wife, I do assure you. There he goes. He has added wings to his steps and taken a coign of vantage where he can spy upon us. Quite handsome for a magpie. * * * Glad to make your acquaintance, sir." Mark bowed with profound respect in the bird's direction.

Florence laughed with relief and fun as the saucy-looking bird settled himself on a bough high above their heads and studied them with sidelong scrutiny. "He needs only spectacles to look quite professional. But come, Mark, I want to tell you something I never told before."

"So you have reserved confidence these six long months of our union," said Mark, teasingly, as he returned to his place among the brown leaves.

The lady studied the place, looking up the length of tree-boles and out over the mystery of wood depths far below, sighing a little that there should lurk about it all a spirit of unrest.

"I am a coward, Mark," she abruptly announced, "afraid of all sorts of things, but most of all sounds that I can't define."

"Don't believe it of yourself—you, a fearless horsewoman, and timid!" Mark was not disturbed by the confession.

"A fearless horsewoman in the park and in the company of—well, yourself for instance—but you know this is almost my first experience in the real wildness of out-of-doors. It has always been"—a touch of sarcasm in her voice—"dusted and aired in the summer resorts. But here, only a brief climb from the snow-line of our Sierra Nevada range, it is most superbly new."

"Your fear doesn't spoil your pleasure, then? You like our camp?" Mark was sleepily solicitous.

"Camp is all that one could desire. Your friends, the Dennisons—it is good to know them—are wholly willing to foster the latent barbarian in us."

"Fred's a fine fellow," Mark idly assented, whistling to the policeman magpie. "Wish his health was better. But he must get well here if anywhere. This claim of his is over 3,000 feet above the valley. The stream running through the place comes from the heart of the snows; the canyons are full of game, and best of all, to my notion, the resinous odor of the pines all about him. I have great faith in pines. But tell me more of your vile courage, Mrs. Mark. Perhaps something can be done about it. You don't look like a fearsome person."

"I'm vigorous enough, surely," Florence straightened out her fine shoulders and held out a well-muscled arm. "I have friends who are little more than bundles of nerves, whose bravery is a thing for man himself to envy." She lightly sighed, adding: "It's a desperate flaw in a character—this cowardice."

They started many a little bustling creature from his feast of grasses and juicy roots, and awakened a sleepy horned owl, just to see him blink his yellow eyes. Florence bent quite sportsmanlike over a coon track that Mark traced in the wet mould on the bank of the stream.

"He was here, lately," said Mark, studying the bear-like impression. "Something disturbed him, for he is a night prowler, like all the rest. That reminds me—I must leave long before daylight. Andy, Fred's man, goes with me, and I hope to bring you a handsome pair of antlers. You will study out more woodcraft by yourself and let me know of your progress."

"It will be lovely, Mark, but—the pages are many, and—yes, I'll have a good report for you. I shall ride down to Oakview in the morning if Mrs. Dennison needs anything."

"Well, start early, if you go, so as to get back before the hottest part of the day. Jess carries you well and will make good time. I am glad you use the cross-saddle."

"Lift up the latch and the bolt will fall," sang Florence to an improvised air.

"Look out for the wolf," my child, admonished Mark.

"Because the green huntsman will be over the hills and far away?" she asked, a hint of reproach in her question.

Night fell over the mountain camp—builded about it, rather—and set its vault with stars. Florence Lindsay, looking upon it, felt its vastness lift her out of all littleness and make her a part of its sentiment might.

Somewhere in the buoyant eternity that cradled her, she partly woke to find the constellations slipping westward, and heard Mark softly whistle to the dogs. They were off then, and morning was at hand. Then she slept again.

When at last her sleep-captive brain threw off the night enchantment, Florence roused to find Mrs. Dennison at the tent door, calling in an anxious tone.

"What is it, Carrie?" Florence asked. "Is your husband ill?"

"Oh, Florence, I'm so alarmed about him?" answered Mrs. Dennison. "He has symptoms of one of his old attacks. We had hoped that they were quite conquered, he had been so much better here. I'd give him one of his powders, but there are only two left, and he ought to take them frequently to prevent the trouble. Can you ride to Dr. Winter's—"

"There, there, you dear, worried woman!" Florence soothingly replied, "of course I'll go. Isn't he asleep now? I thought so. You go and do as wisely. I'll soon be on the way."

A few moments at the tent door to gather in the strength of the hills and the calm of the morning, and Florence turned to the new duty. Breakfast and the directions from Mrs. Dennison delayed briefly, and she was soon riding through the pine forest, where the night coolness yet lingered. She looked for the magpie to give him greeting, and as her ready hearing caught the murmuring wood sound, she called all her powers of resolution to her aid to invest herself with an invincible arm of courage. No more terrors for her! She would be brave as Britomart; and, holding her whip like a lance at charge, she rode boldly to the Caldwell gate, as if it were the only port of a Castle Dangerous. A moment or two for studying the fastenings, till she could open and close the gate with ease, then out down the mountain road.

It was early when she saw below her the straggling streets of Oakview, almost regretting that it was so near.

Arriving at the drug store, a little difficulty arose. Dr. Winter was away, and the boy in charge knew nothing of Mr. Dennison's powders. Riding to the doctor's home she learned from Mrs. Winter that the doctor was operating upon a patient at Powell's, seven miles to the north, and did not expect to return before one o'clock.

It was well past two when the doctor drove up, flung the reins to the boy who stood waiting and, turning to help a man in the garb of a farmhand from the buggy, calling, as he did so, for hot water and antiseptics.

"Steady, there, my man," he said. "Here, lean on me. Marcia" (to his wife), "give him your arm on the other side." But Florence was nearer and afforded her strong young shoulder to the wounded man's support.

"Scythe wound in the forearm," briefly stated the doctor. "I saw the accident, but was able only to tie a tourniquet, and must set a few stitches. Mrs. Lindsay, can you stand the sight of blood?"

The man was seated on the shaded porch, and both women mechanically followed the doctor's directions, moved to deftness by his will.

"Ah," muttered the doctor, as the blood spouted with the loosening of the tourniquet. "Radial artery; ulnar, too, I suspect. Stand still, Mrs. Lindsay," for the bright streams shot out and dyed one side of her linen riding habit.

With a steady hand Florence held the arm motionless at the required angle and told herself that want of courage was simply unusedness and inexperience. If she knew more she would not be afraid.

Dr. Winter worked rapidly, and Florence held her machine-like pose until a splint and sling kept the arm motionless. Then the doctor became the genial host and turned cordially to Mrs. Lindsay.

"I'm glad you came to-day. Marcia and I are in need of a little of your society."

Florence shook her head and told him her errand.

"Fred Dennison! Poor fellow. I hoped much from that chloralmide for him. That and the mountain life will put him on his feet. By jove! The stuff is coming out on the late train and it will take me an hour afterward to get it. You'll have to stay and take it up in the morning." He hurried to his office for a possible grain or two of the precious drug.

Florence felt that here was a test for her new panoply. If she conquered this time she would exult in future fearlessness. It would only be early dark by the time she reached camp, where her refuge waited. She turned to Mrs. Winter, who stood ready to sponge the red stain from her skirt.

"I'd lend you one," said the lady, "but I've not learned to use the cross-saddle and there's no time to wash this properly if you must go," looking at the shadow on the mountains above the town.

The warm air was still burdened with the odors of the operation, and Florence felt for a moment as if she had been under the knife herself. It was with relief almost painful that she heard the whistle on the evening train.

The shadows were pointing long fingers down the darkening canyons as she rode up the mountain path, leaving the last straggling farm well behind.

The first quiver of fear stole upon her when a great gray owl winged its noiseless flight to its lookout on a dead pine tree on the mountain across the canyon. Laughing lightly she spoke to her horse:

"Bear me well, good Jess. We may find an armorer on the way who will touch the weak spots in my links of mail and make it strong again."

But the ever-lurking terror leaped upon her like a thing of life bred by the shadows, when Jess, snorting with sudden fright, and quivering in every tense muscle, started on a gallop up the steep road. The instinct of the trained horsewoman led Florence to rein the good creature to a rapid walk before she dared look through the gathering dusk for the cause of the animal's sudden fear. Jess answered perfectly, but pushed on at a rapid pace, knowing the homeward way. The Caldwell gate was near, and beyond it through the pines was a fairly level stretch before the road became hilly again toward the terrace where the camp stood.

A late streak of pale sunlight gleamed through a narrow gap on the other side of the canyon, and Florence, forcing herself to look down the wooded slope at her left and search the stream, saw a movement through the brush on the opposite mountain slope. While she watched, her senses keenly alert, there lightly leaped across the narrow path of light a long, tawny body. The shadows beyond received it, but not before Florence, clutching Jess' mane with her rein hand, knew her danger. A mountain lion was following them, falling back, rounding a bowlder, gliding through the trees, but never hesitating, never turning away. For one moment a numb agony held her stricken, but she was presently surprised to find herself growing resentful.

Why should a woman be so much more helpless in the face of danger than a man? Why, for instance, had she not been taught to measure distances? How could she know if the lion might take the space down the stream and up on her side of the canyon in three leaps or five? Now she knew how a maniac felt when he laughed. Was there no escape? With new dismay she recalled the stain on her skirt, feeling that this had led the great cat in pursuit.

She looked up into the bending sky, so soon to be star-jewelled, and with a woman's prayer for help rode on toward the Caldwell gate. Its white parallels, faintly gleaming far ahead, might lead to refuge, or—but she fought back the hateful thought.

Lion, puma or cougar—it mattered little what name it bore—the body of grace and vigor, of flexible muscles and power without pity, followed the scent in the air. In and out it sped onward among the bushes, startling to terror the furry little people of the forest; but the tawny cat had nobler game in sight. Once he stopped and held one forefoot back. There had been killing near; there were blood stains, the blood of deer, and then, too, dogs had crossed his path. He snarled defiance at the last discovery and crept on with greater caution.

Mr. Lindsay and the Dennisons' man had passed that way some time before, carrying a deer between them. At the stream they had stopped to rest, and, in the fore-shortened perspective with which poor, blind humanity sketches its own destiny, decided to separate, Andy, with part of the game, taking shorter, though rougher road to camp. He would be in time for his evening duties, and Mr. Lindsay would follow the rugged trail from the stream to the Caldwell ranch, looking for small game on the way.

The young hunter felt the keenest pleasure in the witchery of the place, and wished that Florence were beside him that they might watch the changing hues till the day deepened into that most enchanting hour between daylight and nightfall. She could not but lose her fears in learning to lie close to nature's heart. He would put her hand on the face of the great rocks and show her how to follow the running game.

He trudged comfortably onward, following a hare or two, but too wholly at peace with the world to take life again that day. He was glad that the dogs had gone with Andy, and pushing back his hat and readjusting the game that he carried, enjoyed to the full contentment of the successful hunter. On through the brush he went, feeling the trail with a woodman's instinct, till a whippoorwill gave warning that night was not far away.

On through the brush kept the cougar also, reaching at last the resting place at the stream where the two men had separated. There was a surfeit of blood in the air. He had distanced the first feint scent and now stopped to drink where the shallow water was shaded by overhanging boughs. It was a good place to cross, even for a cat, and on the other side the scent grew fresher. Here to the left was the trail of the dogs again. A step or two back was a later leading, and this he followed warily, lying close to the ground and listening, but following unerringly in Mark Lindsay's footsteps.

While making what speed she might toward the gate that was her first goal, Florence suddenly drew rein, a sure foreboding overcoming for the moment her own terror. Mark was in danger—how, she could not know, but somehow ahead and not far. With her inner vision taught to penetrate the mysteries that had so long disturbed her, she rode on with a look of one set apart for supreme test.

Up the mountain side a man was slowly climbing toward the road. The trail that he followed led directly to the gate. It was Mark, and there, but a pitilessly short space behind him, was the lion. With a throb of exultation came the thought that she could save her husband, and turning her horse from the road she forced the obedient creature down the mountain side.

"Steady, Jess, and never fear. We can ride between them."

"Florence," shouted Mark, turning in amazement, as he suddenly became aware of her presence and saw her running away from the road.

"Turn quick and shoot, Mark," she shrilly called, the hunter instinct waking within as she kept her eyes on the game that crouched back against a bowlder, startled, yet defiant.

"Back Jess, to the left then!" Mark's resonant voice thrilled with the cry of the conqueror.

As the beautiful mare crept backward almost on her haunches, two rifle shots rang out in quick succession. A long, terrible cry rose into the dusky air, and the body of the lion leaped and fell backward, clawing and tearing its undirected way through the dry brush, until it lodged against a tangle of wood growth and lay silent, a dark shape of death.

"That was well done, my brave wife!" Mark's eyes and voice were eloquent as he put out his strong arms to lift her from the saddle. With the joy of conquest lighting her face, Florence walked beside her husband till they came to the Caldwell gate.

"Let me open it." She sprang forward and swung the gate wide till they passed through, Jess following unled, then closed it with a clang that rang triumph through the whispering forests.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Stole a Ship.

It is the fashion, says the London Chronicle, when a famous judge or detective retires to give a list of his most remarkable cases. Sir Hartley Williams, the retiring senior puisne judge of Victoria, has been the subject of such a retrospect. One of the first cases he had to try was a very rare offense indeed—stealing a steamship. A couple of audacious scoundrels, named Henderson and Wallace, stole a steamer from the Clyde, disguised her very skillfully, and went on a pleasure cruise around the world. At Melbourne, where they posed as scions of English nobility, the fraud was detected. They were arrested, convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Stealing a ship is like stealing an elephant—a very unprofitable form of crime. The risks are enormous, and it is so difficult to get rid of the stolen property or convert it into cash.

HOW DEER ARE TAMED.

It Is Easily Done If They Are Taken in Hand While in the Fawn Stage.

Fawns are now losing their spots. Those born earliest in the spring have lost them wholly and show a coat of gray mixed with red, a very inconspicuous hue. Nature takes care of the young deer until they are able to take care of themselves and the present coat of fawns no longer under the guardianship of their dams is one of the hardest things to see in all of the woods, says the New York Sun of recent date.

The deer when half-grown is safter than at any other time in its life, for it has as much speed as it will ever have, its protective coloration is nearly perfect and it has not lost the instinct to squat and hide which was with it when it was born, and which it loses almost wholly as it nears full stature. The fawn, up to the time when it takes its place with the fully grown deer, is curiously adept in hiding.

It selects instinctively a place where the color of the ground is the color of its hair, drops upon its belly, shrinks until its neck is drawn well in and its chin rests on the leaves and it will lie there while the hunter walks within six feet of it. No grouse chick an hour out of the shell and secreting itself under a leaf at the bidding of its mother, ever lay more closely until danger passed.

Nearly all the fawns captured in the northern woods are taken because of this peculiarity. It sometimes happens that the sharp eyes of the woodsman pick out the crouching animal, and when this is done he has no trouble in approaching near enough to spring upon the fawn and take it in his arms.

Put in a pen it will take food from the hand almost from the first and in a week will be thoroughly a member of the family. Its domestication too, appears to be proof against many temptations to return to a natural state.

Three years ago, Hugh Boyd, who runs a little sawmill in Price county, Wis., brought home two female fawns and put them in a pen. They did well and when nearly grown were set at liberty, each wearing a small bell. They stayed about the Boyd place all of that fall and winter.

During the following summer they were frequently seen in the neighborhood of the house. In the fall one of them was shot and killed. Bess, the other one, lived on. This spring she appeared again at the Boyd homestead, still wearing her bell and at her heels was a fawn two days old. She was put into her old pen without trouble. The fawn is now as much at home as its mother.

It is the ready and constant supply of food that keeps the deer faithful to the place of their domestication. In hard seasons they are always near home and the bell on the Boyd deer may be heard tinkling close by on almost any winter night.

Told to the Barber.

After mixing up a light, frothy lather and distributing it around a customer's face the barber began.

"Speaking about names," he said, "reminds me of a little incident which occurred to a friend of mine and which he told me yesterday. My friend is a drummer for a big concern and visits all the larger firms with a view of selling his line of goods. One day he drifted into an office and the man he wanted to see was busy. So he sat down and while he was waiting struck up a conversation with the typewriter.

"The girl wasn't very much disposed to talk and my friend remarked that she looked very tired. 'I ought to be tired,' she said, 'I've been setting here for three hours copying off two hundred foreign names and they almost drive me crazy.' My friend was just about to say that it must be a horrible thing to have a peculiar name, when the office boy popped his head out of the door and said: 'Say, Miss Gulderbrandersensky, der boss'd like to see you.'

"Want a close shave?"—Philadelphia Press.

A Distinguished Citizen.

Judge William C. Toole, who lives at 809 North Fourth street, St. Joseph, Mo., has several claims to distinction. He is the oldest living citizen of St. Joseph, having moved there in 1838. He is the oldest lawyer in Buchanan county, and, perhaps, in Missouri, having been admitted to practice in 1848. He is the only man living who witnessed the first judicial proceeding in Buchanan county, and also the oldest living man who has sat as judge in that jurisdiction, having been elected to the court of common pleas in 1853. He used to be a local preacher and has preached in St. Joseph more years than any other man.

Poverty and Music.

Poverty is the mother of all arts, and notably so in the case of music, the grandest of them all, for most of its great exponents were not only of humble origin, but felt the pangs of privation during a large part of their lives. Haydn was the son of a poor village wheelwright. Handel's father was a barber; Schubert the child of a schoolmaster and a cook; the composer of "Tristan and Isolde" the son of a Leipzig policeman. Anton Dvorak's parents kept an inn, as did also the parents of the lamented Verdi.